Vol. VI. Numb. 48

THE OBSERVATOR.

One Equivalent more: Remarks thereon. Of the Turks *invading* Germany: *With Remarks on that Head. The* Grand Seignior *a better Christian, than* Lewis *the* XIV. *Of the publick News. The Affair of* Thoulon: *With Remarks.*

From Wednesday, August 13. to Saturday, August 16. 1707.

Country-m. MAster, you look very cloudy this Evening; I fancy I must give you an Equivalent, to cheer up your Spirits.

Obs. Prethee do, *Roger*, for I am somewhat in the Dumps.

Country-m. I am an unlucky Fellow, I have lost an Equivalent or two.

Obs. And perhaps, ha'st more left than are good.

Country-m. This is one of his Equivalents, and that's by Way of Query, *viz.* "Whether "if his *Swediſh* Majesty should fall in upon the "Emperor at this Time, it would not oblige "him to recal his Troops out of *Italy*, and "from the Invasion of *Provence*, and so disa-"point *Europe* of so significant a Conquest, as "that of *Thoulon*?"

Obs. Forward and backward: This Author is uncomatable; he's a meer *Proteus*; he changes his Complexion, his Principles, his Resolutions, oftner than the Moon changes; for she can change but once a Month, but he every Day. He has labour'd hard a long time, to prove, that the Conquest of *Thoulon* is a very inconsiderable Thing; and how many Equivalents the *French* can at any Time make for that single Loss: And now he calls it a significant Conquest. So that if he has any Meaning in what he writes, it amounts to this: That it is a significant insignificant, a considerable inconsiderable Conquest.

But, *Roger*, all Mr. Equivalent's Projects are lame, nay, founder'd on all four. He threatens us with the Emperor's recalling his Troops, in Case the King of *Sweden* should invade the Territories of the *Empire*: When all Men, that know any Thing at all, do know, that should the King of *Sweden* do a Thing of that Nature, the Emperor would be ruin'd and undone, before the Troops from *Italy* and *Provence* could come half way to his Assistance. This King of *Sweden*, is a perplexing Prince; he won't do as Mr. Equivalent would have him; nay, he's so close mouth'd, that he won't tell any Body what he's about to do. Strange Monarch! that has not so much as one Peep-hole into his Cabinet.

Country-m. But, Master, see what Mr. Equivalent says of the King of *Sweden* at the End of his Story. A choice Thing, upon my Honour! What do you think, if Mr. *Review* will condescend to be reconcil'd to the King of *Sweden*?

Obs. That may add much to the Advantage of the common Cause. Who knows, but he may work more upon that Prince, than the Duke of *Marlborough*, or any Body else!

Country-m. 'Tis as good as done. See what he says: If the King of *Sweden* will do what he bids him, *Then he shall be my* Hero, *and every honest Man's* Hero.

Obs. He has been all along every honest Man's *Hero*; all Men of Sense and Honour, have applauded his Courage and Conduct; and God has own'd him, by giving him wonderful Successes.

But to be Mr. *Review*'s *Hero*, is the finishing Stroke to his Honour, much more than any of his Conquests. What can't Mr. *Review* do? He can advise him in the greatest Difficulties, and find him out Equivalents in abundance; and what is more, he can write a fine Sing-song upon him, and make a *Caledonian* Ballad to his Laud and Praise; and as soon as he shall think fit to be reconcil'd, out comes a most excellent Poem, call'd, *The true-born Swede*, written by the Author of *The true-born Engliſh-man.*

Country-m. I don't think the King of *Sweden* values a Ballad of a Farthing, nor the good Word of all the under-spur-Leathers in *Christendom.* He writes Tragedies himself, with the Point of his Sword, and the best Musick he can hear, is, that of Drums and Trumpets, great and small Guns: The Exercise he delights in, is Fighting; and his Hunting, is a Persuit of the Enemy; *Non vacat exiguis Rebus.* He is not at Leisure to hearken to Overtures of the Treasurer of the Equivalents; he has no Occasion for him, or any of his Projects.

Obs. Roger, has he not one Slap at the perfidious, treacherous *Hungarians*? Is he willing to be reconcil'd to them too?

Country-m. No, by no Means: He's at 'em Pell-mell. I will give it you in his own Words.

"Well, but what if the *Turks* should now "join with the *Malecontents* in *Hungary*, and "fall in upon the *Empire*? —— That is a "good Way of establishing the Protestant Re-"ligion. — I cannot think that ever God will "employ *Mahomet*, to establish the Protestant "Religion. — I should be very loth, were I "an *Hungarian*, or *Transylvanian* either, to call "in the *Turk*, or to be rid of the worst Sort of "Papists. — 'Tis not a light Thing, to call "the *Turks* into *Europe*."

Obs. He had lost his old Wont, if he had not one Stroke at the *Hungarians*. But if the *Turks* should join the *Malecontents*, what then? Why, then that's a bad Way of establishing the Protestant Religion. A very good Way, I think, either by *Turks* or *Tartars*. If I am drowning, I don't consider the Religion of the Person that saves my Life; whether he be *Turk*,

Turk, *Chriſtian*, or *Pagan*, I will thank him for it. We did not quarrel with the Prince of *Orange*'s Troops, becauſe ſome of 'em were Papiſts; we thank'd 'em for the good Service they did us, in reſcuing us from Slavery and arbitrary Government. If the *Turks* join the *Malecontents*, 'tis not on any Pretence of Religion, but for the Recovery of civil Right and Property.

He cannot think, that God will employ Mahomet, *to eſtabliſh the Proteſtant Religion.* His Freedom with the King of *Sweden*, ſhould not encourage him to enquire into the Conduct of the King of Heaven. He that can work without Means, can, and does, often work with Means, that are not reconcilable to human Reaſon. But to make *Turks* and Infidels, who are Enemies to the Proteſtant Religion, the Inſtruments of eſtabliſhing it, ſeems highly conſiſtent with infinite Wiſdom. When he cauſes the Potſherds of the Earth to daſh one another to Pieces, and out of their Rubbiſh, to build a Temple to his Name; this redounds to the Honour and Glory of the ſupream Governor of the Univerſe.

Call in the *Turk* to their Aſſiſtance! Wicked perfidious *Hungarians!* But why not call in the *Turk*? The *Grand Seignior* is much a better Chriſtian, than *Lewis* the XIV. for whom Mr. *Review* has provided ſo many Equivalents for the Loſs of *Thoulon*; a more faithful Obſerver of his Word, and a more exact Keeper of Treaties and Leagues.

Country-m. But, Maſter, does not the *Turk*, by invading the *Empire*, break the Treaty of *Carlowitz*?

Obſ. If ever you find the *Turk* join'd with the *Hungarians*, you may be ſure the Treaty of *Carlowitz* is certainly broken. But we muſt not preſently call the *Turks perfidious*; honeſt Men will enquire how it came to be ſo? Who is the firſt Infringer? For we are not to abuſe or cenſure the *Turks*, any more than Chriſtian Princes; ſome of which we find on the Records of Time, far more perfidious and baſe, than ever the *Turks* were, or can be.

You may remember a while ago, *Roger*, our Prints from beyond Sea, gave us an Account, that one of the *Turks* Frontier-Towns was taken by Somebody, the Merchants maſſacre'd, and the Town plunder'd: Don't let you and I, my honeſt *Country-man*, ride Poſt-haſte to cenſure; leave that Poſt to Mr. Equivalent, who is a light Horſe-man, and rides well.

But he Religiouſly concludes, *That he ſhould be very loth, were he an* Hungarian, *or* Tranſylvanian *either, to call in the* Turk, *or to be rid of the worſt Sort of Papiſts.*

Country-m. Maſter, pray let me pop in a Word; I would be glad to be rid of both *Turks* and Papiſts; I pray God convert 'em both, and make 'em good *Chriſtians*. But Mr. *Review* would not be rid of the worſt Sort of Papiſts; he's grown mightily in Love with them of late. Now, the *Turks* are better Chriſtians than the worſt of Papiſts; *Mahomet* is leſs cruel, than *St. Ignatius*. There has been more Chriſtian Blood ſpilt by Papiſts in *Germany*, *Hungary*, *Tranſylvania*, the *Palatinate*, the Vallies of *Piedmont*, and *Lucerne*, and in the upper and lower *Languedocs*, than ever the *Turks* ſpilt from the Riſe of *Mahomet*, to this very Day. And which is better, a falſe, murdering, maſſacring Papiſt, or a merciful *Turk*, that is true to his Word?

Obſ. Abundance might be ſaid on this Subject, but I hope what we have ſaid, is ſufficient to ſatisfy rational Mankind, and to open the Eyes of the Populace, to ſee the little Danger there is from Equivalents, or the pretended invincible Power of *France*.

Country-m. Maſter, you have read the laſt Mails. The Jacks and High-flyers talk ſtrangely; they ſay, the Affair of *Thoulon*, ſeems yet more difficult; nay, they make it even impoſſible to take it.

Obſ. Let every one have his own Talk; I can hear 'em all with Patience. But, *Roger*, I never expected that *Thoulon* would be taken with ſo little Difficulty as ſome People imagin'd. The March into *Provence* was attended with much Difficulty and Danger; the Paſſage at the *Var*, had it been conteſted, as I thought it would have been, would have waſted the Allies a conſiderable Number of Men. The March afterwards, as the Prints inform us, was hazardous, and not without Loſs by the exceſſive Heats.

Now they are come before the Place, how many Entrenches almoſt inacceſſible, how many fortify'd Hills and Forts have they driven the Enemy from, before they could beſiege the Town in Form? And after all this, what an infinite Number of Cannon are planted againſt them? A Garriſon compleatly mann'd, victuall'd, and ſupply'd with all manner of neceſſary Stores and Ammunition? Theſe are Difficulties not to be ſurmounted ſo eaſily as ſome People imagine.

But what ſhall we ſay to theſe Things? *Nil Volenti arduum*: Nothing is difficult and hard to thoſe that are willing and reſolv'd to conquer; and we have two Princes employ'd in that Expedition, that are reſolv'd to conquer, and are us'd to it.

I like very well what is come by this Poſt; the next will bring us better News. *Roger*, you are in Danger of loſing your Wager.

Country-m. I am glad on't. With one Bumper to the Duke of *Savoy*'s and Prince *Eugene*'s good Succeſs, we'll go to Bed.

Advertiſements.

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